

Coffee

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Summary: Hairspray SLASH! Link always used to hate coffee.

CornyLink

Coffee

I always used to hate the taste and smell of coffee.

It always made me sick even to just think about the beverage.

That is, until I met Corny.

The young host loves the drink. He'd always have a mug sitting around the studio that he had one of the crew members fill up before and after the show.

I would try to avoid going anywhere near Corny's dressing room and even the man himself in fear of having to smell the bitter liquid at all.

Of course, during the first few months of this, Corny had mistook my actions, thinking I just didn't like him. And, being Corny, he had to know why.

It was an hour after the show had ended and everyone was leaving after learning and practicing our new dance. Most of the kids were gone when Corny called out for me to stay a little while after to talk.

I hesitated. For a moment I hoped that Corny hadn't had any coffee yet that day, but then I realized that earlier I witnessed him drinking it. How could I forget? I was trying not to visibly gag the whole time.

I turned around and slowly walked towards the older man. Corny rolled his eyes. I guess he didn't have time for that. He had already removed his jacket and untucked his shirt. He looked almost ready to leave.

"Follow me," Corny said turning towards his dressing room, I winced, "And hurry up!"

We arrived at the room and went inside. I was surprised, it smelled more of cologne and hairspray than it did coffee. In fact, if you didn't think about it, you wouldn't be able to detect the scent at all.

Corny closed the door behind him and I turned so that we were facing each other. I cleared my throat and rubbed the back of my neck.

"Nervous?" Corny asked.

"No," I replied quickly. Link Larkin never gets nervous, "it's just. Well, you told me to come here and you haven't said anything yet."

"Oh. Well, I'll just cut to the chase then," Corny said, "Do you not like me?"

I was confused. Why would Corny think I didn't like him? No one could ever not like Corny!

"What? No! You're great, Corny!"

"Then why are you avoiding me?"

I finally understood. But that doesn't mean I was going to tell him the actual reason. It was just way too stupid.

"I'm not trying to avoi..."

"Don't give me that shit, Link!"

This surprised me for two reasons. First, Corny NEVER raised his voice, not even when he was getting frustrated with Fender because he couldn't get a move right (for the thousandth time). Secondly, I had never heard an adult swear to another person. Ever. It was like they didn't even know those words existed.

"Sorry, I just...I...I don't know!"

And I really didn't. Avoiding someone because you don't like a certain drink isn't a very good reason. I knew there had to be something else. I sat down on the couch in the corner and covered my face with my hands.

Corny moved a little closer. I looked through my fingers at him.

"Look, I just want to know, kid." He stated.

He sat down beside me and hesitantly placed his arm around my

shoulders. This was odd. Not because my heart sped up when he did that (although that was a little unusual). But Corny was never hesitant with anything he did.

"I can't tell you. It's just way to stupid."

"Can you at least try?" He smiled sheepishly at me. I couldn't help but smile back.

"Don't laugh but...I-I just hate the smell and taste of coffee and, you know, you drink it all the time I just thought you would reek of it." I spoke quickly. And I mean quickly. I didn't know anyone could talk that fast.

"Oh. That's all?"

"Uh, yeah."

He chuckled and shook his head. If I wasn't staring so hard I would have thought he was laughing at me. I knew better.

He looked disappointed. He ruffled my hair (that made me slightly pissed. Seriously, it takes so long to make my hair look like this!) and removed his arm from my shoulders. I pretended that it didn't make my heart sink.

"You'd better get going. Your parents will get worried. Besides, I'm getting tired." He accentuated that sentence with a yawn.

We both stood up and he stretched. I couldn't help but stare at the little bit of skin that peeked out from underneath his shirt.

"Link," I snapped out of my reverie, "are you sure there isn't something else you want to tell me?"

I hesitated. I wasn't completely sure.

"I don't know."

Corny turned his head to look at the door. He looked so concentrated that I thought the door might explode at anytime. The sound of his voice startled me.

"Do you mind if I try something?"

I don't know. Do I?

"Uh, sure."

He turns back towards me and sits me down on the couch again. I was starting to get a little worried.

He loosened his tie and took it off, throwing it in a random direction. He looked attentive for a moment.

"Take off your jacket." He whispered.

I took it off and threw it over the arm of the couch. I was pretty sure I knew where this was going.

"Good. Now the tie."

Done.

He closes the space between us and straddled my waist. Oh, I _so_ knew where this was going.

I leaned up to kiss him but he stopped me. He tipped my head back and started to lick and nip at my adams apple. I sighed contentedly. He trailed his tongue up my neck to my chin then grabbed my hair and forced our lips together. Coffee had never tasted so good.

I heard footsteps outside the door. The thought of someone walking in on us made me squirm and moan loudly.

I was so dazed I didn't realize that Corny had unbuttoned my shirt and was sliding it off my shoulders. I did the same to him and he stood up.

I whimpered at the loss and he grinned. He pulled me up and dragged me towards the door. He looked at me for confirmation then pushed me up against it and started sucking at the crook of my neck. I was sure that there was going to be a mark there the next day. I wondered what Amber would think if she saw it.

Corny had sensed that he didn't have my full attention and he grabbed my wrists and pressed himself against me making me slide up the wall so much that my feet were barely touching the floor. I whimpered when I felt his hardness against my own. I writhed against him, begging for him to touch me.

He backed up slightly, still holding onto my wrists, and ran his eyes up and down my nearly exposed body.

He smirked.

"I can see why you're the ladies' choice."

I glared at him. And suddenly got the strength to get my wrists free. I shoved him back onto the couch and grinned smugly at him.

"Yeah, that's what everyone says"

Afterwards we lay on the couch, our legs entwined. My arm was thrown over his stomach and our heads were resting on the cushion, facing each other.

Corny's hair was a mess, and I'm sure mine wasn't any better.

We were trying to stay awake by lazily kissing each other when a thought came to mind.

"I think I might want my own cup of coffee now and again."

End
file.